

# THE ARKHAM COLLECTOR



Number Two    ::    Winter, 1968    ::    .50c the copy

THE ARKHAM PROGRAM. The problem of storage space at Arkham House has finally become acute. As a result the program of publishing through 1968 will be as follows —

SELECTED LETTERS: II, 1925-1929, by H. P. Lovecraft, \$7.50 — March, 1968

NIGHTMARES AND DAYDREAMS, by Nelson Bond, \$5.00 May, 1968

THE EXPLOITS OF THE CHEVALIER DUPIN, by Michael Harrison, — August, 1968 (Mycroft & Moran imprint) \$3.50

WISCONSIN MURDERS, by August Derleth. \$4.00 — October, 1968. (Mycroft & Moran imprint).

MR. FAIRLIE'S FINAL JOURNEY, by August Derleth — \$3.50 November, 1968 (Mycroft & Moran imprint)

— while, if space permits, any one of the following books may be moved into schedule:

THE GREEN ROUND, by Arthur Machen

OTHER DIMENSIONS, by Clark Ashton Smith

COLOSSUS, by Donald Wandrei

THE RIM OF THE UNKNOWN, by Frank Belknap Long.

TALES OF THE CTHULHU MYTHOS, by H. P. Lovecraft & Others.

Copyright 1967, by August Derleth

H. P. LOVECRAFT: *Notes on the Writing of Weird Fiction*. — My reason for writing stories is to give myself the satisfaction of visualising more clearly and detailedly and stably the vague, elusive fragmentary impressions of wonder, beauty, and adventurous expectancy which are conveyed to me by certain sights (scenic, architectural, atmospheric, etc.), ideas, occurrences, and images encountered in art and literature. I chose weird stories because they suit my inclination best — one of my strongest and most persistent wishes being to achieve, momentarily, the illusion of some strange suspension or violation of the galling limitations of time, space, and natural law which for ever imprison us and frustrate our curiosity about the infinite cosmic spaces beyond the radius for our sight and analysis. These stories frequently emphasise the element of horror because fear is our deepest and strongest emotion, and the one which best lends itself to the creation of nature-defying illusions. Horror and the unknown or the strange are always closely connected, so that it is hard to create a convincing picture of shattered natural law or cosmic alienage and “outsideness” without laying stress on the emotion of fear. The reason why *time* plays a great part in so many of my tales is that this element looms up in my mind as the most profoundly dramatic and grimly terrible thing in the universe. *Conflict with time* seems to me the most potent and fruitful theme in all human expression.

While my chosen form of story-writing is obviously a special and perhaps narrow one, it is none the less a persistent and permanent type of expression, as old as literature itself. There will always be a certain small percentage of persons who feel a burning curiosity about unknown outer space, and a burning desire to escape from the prison-house of the known and the real into those enchanted lands of incredible adventure and infinite possibilities which dreams open up to us, and which things like deep woods, fantastic urban towers, and flaming sunsets momentarily



suggest. These deep woods, fantastic urban towers, and flaming sunsets momentarily suggest. These persons include great authors as well as insignificant amateurs like myself — Dunsany, Poe, Arthur Machen, M. R. James, Algernon Blackwood, and Walter de la Mare being typical masters in this field.

There are, I think, four distinct types of weird story: one expressing a *mood or feeling*, another expressing a *pictorial conception*, a third expressing a *general situation, condition, legend, or intellectual conception*, and a fourth explaining a *definite tableau or specific dramatic situation or climax*. In another way, weird tales may be grouped into two rough categories — those in which the marvel or horror concerns some *condition or phenomenon*, and those in which it concerns some *action of persons* in connection with a bizarre condition or phenomenon.

Each weird story — to speak more particularly of the horror type — seems to involve five definite elements: (a) some basic, underlying horror or abnormality — condition, entity, etc., (b) the general effects or bearing of the horror, (c) the mode of manifestation — object embodying the horror and phenomena observed, (d) the types of fear-reaction pertaining to the horror, and (e) the specific effects of the horror in relation to the given set of conditions.

In writing a weird story I always try very carefully to achieve the right mood and atmosphere, and place the emphasis where it belongs. One cannot, except in immature pulp charlatan-fiction, present an account of impossible, improbable, or inconceivable phenomena as a commonplace narrative of objective acts and conventional emotions. Inconceivable events and conditions have a special handicap to overcome, and this can be accomplished only through the maintenance of a careful realism in every phase of the story *except* that touching on the one given marvel. This marvel must be treated very impressively and deliberately — with a careful emotional “build-up” — else it will seem flat and

unconvincing. Being the principal thing in the story, its mere existence should overshadow the characters and events. But the characters and events must be consistent and natural except where they touch the single marvel. In relation to the central wonder, the characters should show the same overwhelming emotion which similar characters would show toward such a wonder in real life. Never have a wonder taken for granted. Even when the characters are supposed to be accustomed to the wonder I try to weave an air of awe and impressiveness corresponding to what the reader should feel. A casual style ruins any serious fantasy.

Atmosphere, not action, is the great desideratum of weird fiction. Indeed, all that a wonder story can ever be is *a vivid picture of a certain type of human mood*. The moment it tries to be anything else it becomes cheap, puerile, and unconvincing. Prime emphasis should be given to *subtle suggestion* — imperceptible hints and touches of selective associative detail which express shadings of moods and build up a vague illusion of the strange reality of the unreal. Avoid bald catalogues of incredible happenings which can have no substance or meaning apart from a sustaining cloud of colour and symbolism.

These are the rules or standards which I have followed — consciously or unconsciously — ever since I first attempted the serious writing of fantasy. That my results are successful may well be disputed — but I feel at least sure that, had I ignored the considerations mentioned in the last few paragraphs, they would be much worse than they are.



## LORENZO'S VISIT

Whiteflower-still  
you fill the valley  
of my arms tonight,

my woven prairie  
grasses  
ribbon on your throat,

rosier  
than the carnival  
boy's shirt

or his  
discovered  
kiss:

at peace  
Laurella  
whiteflower-still,

mute  
as my favor  
on your marble throat.

—Raymond Rosellep

† † †

### ALAS

This, sir, was Yorick's face.  
The grin is turning sad.  
The teeth were rather bad.  
The soil has his grimace.  
I stamp the smile he had.

I wipe him from the earth.  
I lift away the grave  
Which only bone could save.  
And dig the rotten mirth  
Out of the narrow knave.



The wit that now is dull  
 Has quarried out the stone  
 Where I must lie alone.  
 Now I try on the skull.  
 It fits me like a bone.

—Arthur M. Sampley

† † †

### DOWN ENDLESS YEARS

Late afternoon, winter,  
 Amber sunlight slanting —  
 Three old brick houses  
 Lamp-blackened with the soot of time.  
 A few random flakes of snow  
 Sift through December's Sun;  
 Far off, a churchbell tolls,  
 Tolls in my heart,  
 Tolls for all lost time.  
 I stare at the old brick houses  
 And my thoughts cannot find words —  
 The forlorn ebb of time,  
 The loss of love,  
 The hunger of the lonely heart —  
 The secret of time seems locked  
 In those sooty bricks!  
 O that they could speak!  
 Ephemeral, unchanged,  
 Down endless years  
 The snowflakes fall.

—Joseph Payne Brennan

† † †



*photograph by John Dunn*

## AUGUST DERLETH and JESSE STUART

OLD FRIENDS MEET AGAIN. Participating in the Conference of the Arts sponsored by the Wisconsin Idea Theatre of the University of Wisconsin in Rhinelander, Wisconsin last July, two auctorial friends of interest to Arkham House patrons met again after 23 years when August Derleth and Jesse Stuart of Kentucky found themselves lecturing on the craft of fiction. Jesse Stuart, the author of many fine regional books — *Man with a Bull-Tongue Plow*, *The Year of My Rebirth*, *Head O' W-Hollow*, *Clearing in the Sky*, *Beyond Dark Hills*, *Trees of Heaven*, *Men of the Mountains*, *Taps for Private Tussie* (a Book-of-the-Month Club selection), *Tales from the Plum Grove Hills*, *The Thread That Runs So True*, *God's*



*Oddling, Hold April, A Jesse Stuart Reader, My Land Has a Voice*, and others — and August Derleth began to correspond in 1934. In 1938 Derleth visited W-Hollow, Kentucky, Stuart's home; in 1944 Stuart visited Place of Hawks (as Arkham House is known to non-collectors), in Sac Prairie. Arkham House collectors who may be unfamiliar with his fame as a regional writer, will recall his story, *Crabgrass*, in *Over the Edge*, and a quintet of poems in *Fire and Sleet and Candlelight*.

† † †

THE FIRST PSI ANNUAL DINNER. Last April 30 the Praed Street Irregulars held their first annual awards dinner at Andre's in Beverly Hills — a four hour affair to "standing room only," according to Luther Norris, Lord Warden of the Pontine Marshes. Devotees of Solar Pons will be entertained by the menu, which consisted of antipasto Riccolletti, soup Norcross Riddle, Devil's Footprints Salad, Veal Cutlet Italian Letters, Fettucini Mazarin, Snowball Clairaudient, and coffee Black Cardinal!

A. E. Van Vogt, Fritz Leiber, and Forrest Ackermann spoke, but Robert Bloch delivered the address of the evening, an amusing tribute to August Derleth, as The Agent through whom Dr. Lyndon Parker publishes his accounts of Solar Pons's adventures. The complete address follows.

"It is indeed a pleasure and a privilege to be present at this, the First Annual Awards dinner of the Praed Street Irregulars.

"Now, in conclusion, I'd like to say I've been asked to deliver a few words about a gentleman known as The Agent. It so happens that in my business I have considerable dealings with agents and I could say quite a few words about them — but none of these words are suitable for mixed company. After all, there are men present. All I need to tell you about *my* agent is that he gets ten percent of everything I get — which is why I asked the waiter for a doggy-bag at dinner.



"But in this particular case, the Agent I'm speaking of is August Derleth, the amanuensis of Solar Pons. Perhaps 'amanuensis' is not the correct term, but it sounds imposing. Anything in Latin sounds imposing. For example, let's take the name 'Solar Pons' itself. That's Latin, you know. I looked it up. 'Solar', meaning of, or pertaining to, the sun. And 'Pons', meaning bridge. See what I mean? Doesn't 'Solar Pons' sound a lot better than just calling someone a sun of a bridge?

"Now we come to the name of the organization itself — the Praed Street Irregulars. Actually, I suppose, the term is somehow reminiscent of the Baker Street Irregulars, and we all know who they are. In order to become a member of the Baker Street Irregulars, two qualifications are necessary. The members consist of people who live on Baker Street, and don't take laxatives.

"We, on the other hand, are united under this name because of our fealty to that Praed Street resident, Solar Pons, and a far from irregular interest in his exploits as described by The Agent, August Derleth.

"Naturally, I'm highly flattered to be allowed to speak of Mr. Derleth and his work, and offer a few thoughts on it. But then, I'm always ready to give somebody a piece of my mind — just last week I had another prefrontal lobotomy — and this is an opportunity to discuss some of the common problems which confront us all in the field of mystery writing. These common problems are known as editors.

"Now don't misunderstand me. I believe there have been some pretty fair editors who have provided worthwhile assistance to their writers — for example, the late King James, who did such a swinging job on the Bible. But by and large it isn't easy for a writer to deal with an editor in the mystery field today.

"Forty years ago, a mystery writer had *carte blanche*, or at least Diner's Club. All he had to do was invent a brilliant master criminal who called himself The Bat, The

Cat, The Gorilla, The Spider or any zoological or zoo-illogical name. Every author could get himself a sure-fire villain merely by seeking inspiration in a box of animal-crackers. Try it today and the editor will scream (you'll pardon the expression) bloody murder.

"Once it was standard practise to set the scene in a house filled with secret passages, which the hero located by pounding on the wall-panelling. Can you imagine anyone believing that kind of activity today? With the price of real estate what it is, who can afford to build secret passages? And with the kind of construction that goes into modern housing, we know that the minute anyone starts pounding on the walls, the whole damned place will collapse.

"Then we had the servants. There were usually at least two of them — the butler, who sometimes did it, and the maid, who never did it under any circumstances. The maid was usually one of those comedy characters whose hair stood on end when she heard a scream in the night. Well, you can't get away with that any more, either. To begin with, with today's hair styles, most women's hair looks as though its standing on end all the time. And any maid hearing a scream in the night would just naturally assume that the neighbors were playing a Bob Dylan record in stereo.

"We also had a standard heroine — the kind you used to see as well as read about in the old-time movie serials. All that was ever required of her in those pictures was that she looked good in riding breeches. She usually wore riding breeches whenever she did anything particularly stupid — like shinnying up a rainpipe to peek into the third-storey window of the villain's lair, right after seeing him enter it in the company of twenty armed thugs. But she was always self-confident. The heroine's self-confidence came from the knowledge that when she climbed the rainpipe, those riding-breeches weren't going to split.

"The hero of these serial dramas wasn't always a detective. Sometimes he was just a man of mystery who turned

up again and again in the nick of time to rescue the gal and then disappeared once more. Sometimes he showed up only to give her a cryptic word of warning — something like, 'Watch out for rusty nails on that rainpipe, kid; you're likely to tear your britches.' But actually the hero wasn't very smart; if he ever got into a bedroom with the heroine, all the damned fool wanted to do was look for a secret panel.

"If he didn't find one, chances are he'd at least discover a hidden room. The average house in those mysteries was a mansion of twenty rooms, at least twelve of which were hidden. Apparently the architects of that period, from Frank Lloyd Wright to Frank Lloyd Wrong, spent most of their time supplying homes with trapdoors, secret dungeons and collapsible toilet seats.

"Of course, such homes were invariably built by eccentric millionaires who had gained a fortune from a mysterious invention. It was this invention that the villain was seeking, aided by those henchmen I mentioned. The villain always had a bunch of men who were henching all over the place. You could always tell the difference between the chief villain and his accomplices. The chief villain wore a felt hat and the henchmen wore caps. Sometimes they were Chinese. Most villains had other assistants — the sneaky butler, for example. If the villain couldn't afford a butler, he had a gorilla. Your true master criminal in those days might be able to get along without any Chinamen, but damned few of them could get along without a gorilla. Apparently gorillas worked cheap; this was before they put on those red jackets and joined the Waiter's Union.

"When the hero and heroine weren't looking for secret panels you could generally find them in the library of the mansion, along with a lot of suspicious-looking relatives. Nobody ever went into the library to read a book — the library was just a place where you went to read a will. And usually, these people would read the will at midnight. This



was a favorite pastime in those days; everybody gathered to read a will at midnight because there was no Late Late Show to watch on television.

"Then, of course, somebody would get killed, somebody else would catch a glimpse of a strange animal — bat or cat, fish or fowl — and they started looking for secret panels again.

"It was all very easy for the writer, even when styles in detectives changed. In the Thirties there was a tendency to feature the urbane amateur criminologist. It didn't matter what you called him — we had everything from Philco Vance to Nero Wolfe — the main thing was just to let him talk. Urbane detectives specialized in talk — about rare books, exotic cookery, the mating-habits of the Peruvian wombat. They talked about everything except the crime. *That* they always saved for the last chapter. When one of these wordy detectives finally unmasked the murderer, his usual way of disposing of him was to talk him to death.

"Now any author could create such a character; all he had to do was sit down with an encyclopedia and copy out the articles for his hero's dialogue.

"Even when the exotic vogue came along and we had detectives like Mr. Moto and Charlie Chan, it wasn't too difficult for the mystery writer. He merely invented a few cryptic Oriental remarks for his character — old Chinese proverbs like, Many men smoke but Fu Manchu.

"Now, in a less serious vein, we had the "tough guy" heroes, the private eyes in the trench-coats. Again, no problem for the writers — these characters were merely our old friend the gorilla without hair. Their reactions were usually just as primitive.

"Remember the final scene in those mysteries? Where the arch-criminal held everybody at bay with his revolver — while he explained his crimes and told the detective just how he slipped the chowder into Mrs. Murphy's overalls? Editors won't stand for *that*, either.

"Gone is the master-sleuth who could step into a taxi dressed as an immaculate man-about-town and emerge three blocks later disguised as a hunchbacked Lascar with two heads. (He always wore this disguise to keep from attracting attention.)

"Today's stories must be different. We've come a long way from the time when international spies were heterosexual — when non-union labor in India was turning out thousands of sacred idols with pigeon-blood rubies set in their foreheads — when London was filled with fog instead of smog — when every detective had a comedy sidekick and every villain had a hulking monster of a servant who worshipped the ground he stalked on.

"That is why we are particularly grateful for the work of August Derleth. He has given us Solar Pons — one of the few detectives who is still capable of making deductions on other things besides just his income-tax. He has given us murderers who still believe that the slay's the thing.

"With all these editorial restrictions and taboos, we who cherish the classic tale of detection can well pay homage to our Agent, who has adhered to the eternal verities. In his presentation of the detective Solar Pons he has given us the sleuth, the whole sleuth, and nothing but the sleuth. He has delivered us from James Bondage.

"In these days of bloodshot private eyes, of spies who keep coming in from the cold because they're too dumb to wear long underwear, of secret agents who spend all their time skin-diving but never seem to manage to find any skin in the water no matter how many times they dive for it — in these decadent times, it's a pleasure to encounter a decent detective once more.

"There are no mini-skirts on Praed Street, no hippies, no teeny-boppers, no acid-heads, no riots. Solar Pons is not interested in pop art or psychedlic are — only the art of detection. When we enter his world we are freed from the menace of Hell's Angels, Sonny and Cher, and the

Joe Pyne Show. We are safely surrounded by nothing more threatening than good clean murderers, assassins, and the common, ordinary homicidal maniacs we are all used to encountering whenever we drive the freeways.

"Perhaps the London of *Solar Pons* is a bit quaint by today's standards, but somehow I think we are all grateful that it still exists, even if only in the fertile imagination of August Derleth. It is nice to believe that somewhere the game's afoot, instead of riding a motorcycle.

"Over three thousand miles away from that geographically-located London, a city he has never visited, August Derleth has written warmly and wisely of the place. And many years away from that chronologically-located London, he has recreated a more pleasant era. Thus in his *Solar Pons* tales he has remoulded a metropolis nearer to his heart's desire and opened the gates of that city for us to enter at will, there to embark upon amiable adventure. This is no small achievement. Stop and think about it for a moment — think of the knowledge necessary on Derleth's part to utilize the background of a city he has never visited in so many, many stories. That's really quite remarkable. Believe me, August Derleth knows more about London than Mayor Yorty knows about Los Angeles. And don't forget, Mayor Yorty has visited here several times.

"And it's not all a romantic fiction, either. August Derleth has always been a stickler for realism. I came to understand this some years ago, when, in a search for factual material, I went with Mr. Derleth to Chicago. Here we managed to sneak our way into an actual meeting of the Mafia — the Cosa Nostra, which at that time had headquarters out in Cicero.

"I will never forget that episode; here was this crowd of hoods and thugs, gathered together in the banquet room of a second-rate hotel, under the pretense that they were holding a meeting of a literary society.

"And I will always remember August Derleth walking



over to Al Capone's mother and asking her the immortal question — 'Bred any good crooks lately?'

"It is for this — and for the hours of pleasure afforded to us by his creation of Solar Pons — that I give you a toast to the Agent, August Derleth!"

The Praed Penny was awarded to Michael Harrison, Henry Lauritzen, Robert W. Lowndes, Peter Blau, Anna Louise Gèrmeshausen and Anna Lee Payne.

† † †

### NO LIMIT ON HIPPOGRIFS

Last night I took a splendid unicorn;  
A massive brute, & 's Blood, how he could run!  
He gave us forty miles ere he was done,  
And even then he fought the dogs till morn.  
I'll swear no finer beast than he was born.  
It gives the lie to those who'd spoil all fun,  
"Where thousands long since roamed, now  
there are none."

By Jove, wait till they see this stunning horn!  
Of course, I will admit they have some grounds;  
I haven't seen a dragon for a while —  
But then, a dragon is sheer hell on hounds,  
And I don't like to beat — it's not my style.  
And still in many spots fine game abounds.  
I've thought of trying sphinxes on the Nile . . .

—David Drake



One of Lee Brown Coye's illustrations for H.P. Lovecraft's *Three Tales of Horror*, now out at \$7.50.

THE ORIGIN OF A LOVECRAFT ESSAY. Glenn Lord, editor of *The Howard Collector*, and executor of the Howard estate, has turned up an interesting essay by the late Robert Ervin Howard, *The Beast from the Abyss*, not heretofore published, which appears to be the *raison d'être* for H. P. Lovecraft's essay, *Something About Cats*, which was evidently written in rebuttal to Howard's piece. For Howard's beast is the cat, which he saw as "inferior to the dog" but nevertheless "more like human beings" than the dog, "vain yet servile, greedy yet fastidious, lazy, lustful and selfish. That last characteristic is, indeed, the dominant feline trait. He is monumentally selfish. In his self love he is brazen, candid and unashamed."

Written in 1933 or 1934, the Howard essay was seen by Lovecraft, and commented upon — very probably in the same letter that enclosed his rebuttal, *Something About Cats*, for under date of December 3, 1934, Howard wrote Lovecraft to say, "Glad you found the cat article of some amusement. It was written in an idle hour, and with no intention of precipitating any philosophical argument. I merely recorded a few of my observations regarding felines . . . . Your essay was read with great interest; it was clever and well written, though it seems less a defense of cats themselves, than a glorification of people who idealize cats." Though Howard does not name Lovecraft's "essay," it can hardly be doubted that it was *Something About Cats*.

† † †

### H. P. LOVECRAFT

He dared to climb the barrier  
Between the world of logic  
And the world of wildest dreams,  
And seize the silver key  
Which unlocked the gates  
To lands high above the heavens  
And empires far beneath the seas.

—William Fagan



## MORE THAN TWICE TOLD TALES

I. *The Valley*

A pastoral prototype  
 it hid unanythings never to be named:  
 evening emanations from ravine and wood,  
 mists, a sometimes wedgewood bowl —  
 by turns harebell to gentian blue,  
 its darknesses no better lit  
 by lantern than firefly,  
 dawns coming on like water over quicksand.

This was my valley, cored with solitude,  
 where inself was for gathering, armfuls  
 like wildflower and fruit.  
 Death was neighbor there,  
 to walk with on river bank,  
 over rattlesnakes on rock, through woods  
 that hid the human and beastly from hunters,  
 and where I once had with him  
 a rendezvous we did not keep;  
 and in other peril, like St. Paul's,  
 I lay half underneath my father while  
     tornado and flood  
 robbed us of all but life.  
 There was neighbor-Death, suspect,  
 never to be let known I was afraid —  
 except, *except* when Frances rose  
 from firelight of long evening talk.

2. *Leaves from Family Trees*

The uncles, four bohemians, black of beard,  
 were Antaeus-tall. They came to visit Baba,  
     "Little Mother,"  
 though attention centered on my own.  
 Their brother, my father, John,

had gotten himself a handsome Dane.  
 After that no valley could have been the same.  
 "The four apostles," she called them —  
 this Freya full of tease and fire —  
 merry-makers which Papa was not.  
 He sat with Baba, to one side,  
 listening, warmed by their wit; she at times  
 as if for the first hearing of it,  
 or that she was somewhere else with loved ones  
 who never change. (In williwaws of memory,  
 Baba wore her widow's weeds thirty years,  
 ruffled bonnets and rosary beads.)  
 Oh I would not ever be that old!  
 or cross, like Mama, with her for knitting  
     long feet  
 onto the heel-holes of our stockings.

Uncle Lew brought Frances first to view  
 with: "Twenty years today since she took sick . . ."  
 Outside, the valley forces made All Hallows' wind  
 a dirge; evil spirits hissed from green wood  
     on the hearth,  
 and in my father's eyes the same void as Baba's had —  
 wherein a child looks far and deep as *never*.

### 3. *Once on a Country Road*

Papa fetched the box and got the picture out.  
 "Frances was shy, always wanting to be clean —  
     those days  
 it wasn't easy, the house too small, all us boys —"  
 It was Paul who grasped the memory ring.  
     (I held the photo.)  
 "We had the walled spring, cool in summer,  
     autumns cold.  
 She took her Sunday clothes,

a clean old petticoat for towel. The sun was hardly up."  
 "She washed her hair. I scolded," Baba said,  
 "A girl fourteen must never take a chill."  
 Then Paul again: "Her teeth were chattering,  
     but she laughed,  
 shaking out her hair like two black wings,  
 and saying, 'The sun will dry it on the way  
     to town! ' "

"That would be several hours' ride," another uncle said,  
 "October days are short." "It was the *moon*,"  
 Baba muttered, "*the time of month*."

They rode silent on a carousel I wanted so to see  
 I held the pictured Frances closer to the lamp.  
 — I see her better now the inner lights are on,  
 and though the photo fades, a modal music lingers.

It was her birthday. The older brothers worked out  
 in summer, but before woodcutting time they were  
     at home.

Their gift of money was for her picture to be taken,  
     and Paul,  
 sixteen, who had no wages, would drive her into town  
 where a studio had opened — a never-forgotten trip.  
 Frost was late and autumn long that year, the trees  
 were almost bare, and when they reached the uplands,  
 as far as eye could travel, hills rolled into hills,  
 the Mounds Madonna blue, Michaelmas daisies  
 everywhere in bloom, and between the wagon wheels  
 the beardgrass flattened like fur. Paul said,  
 "She watched the zigzags of wild geese out of sight,  
 as if it were the last look she'd ever have of them . . .  
 her eyes too bright. Later, the photo-artist thought  
 she was the prettiest. Roses in her cheeks that high!"  
 They ate their lunch, and when supplies were bought  
 he gave her leftover pocket silver for a length  
     of calico.



"When she kissed me on the cheek I thought her face  
too hot."

— She chose a black with yellow dots.

The journey home was not so hard. The hills  
they had climbed would not be easing down.

At first

they talked and made up songs. When it was dark  
at five

he no longer gave the horses rein. Around Frances,  
asleep.

he put his ram and thought again how warm she was.

The night sounds a farm boy knows and likes  
filled him with sadness and a kind of fear:

"There must have been a dozen owls about.

Leaves caught on tall weeds whispered in the wind,  
a wildcat quarrel, foxes yawping, sheep and cowbell,  
dogs were barking, and nowhere a single sign of light.  
So dark it was! But then the moon came up."

I seldom saw it over Pleasant Ridge through any  
other eyes:

red diffusion of sky that went from tangerine  
into chartreuse, then moonrise a balanced ball  
between the sea-lion hills, while just ahead  
our valley, an ocean darkness, yawned.

The rustlings took on shape, and he was glad  
she woke,

until the lines were in her hands, the horses pulled  
to stop beside the road. She asked him then:

"Where are all the wagons going? Is it a funeral?

We have to let them pass." He flicked the team  
with his hickory whip and got the reins again,  
the wagon onto the wheel tracks. In the flaming  
moonlight

she stood and pointed: "Don't you see? The

Bradleys — Jones —

Baba with Mr. and Mrs. Egan, like when Papa died?  
Why?

She has her veil again. I see you, Paul. Why  
are you crying?"

He shook her then to make her sit, and said  
he was right there beside her. But she went on  
naming people in the ghostly cortege. "My head  
hurts," she said.

They had come to the rim above our valley.  
Paul released a brake and the pushed team  
went galloping down familiar ground  
as he held her, kneeling in the wagon box.

Three days she fought in fever, frightening them  
with talk. While Indian Summer spent itself  
her brothers brought coolness every hour  
from the spring.

The married sisters came, and Baba prayed and aged.  
My father went horseback thirty miles  
for medicine too late to give.

#### 4. *Frances: Fears That Pinch the Breastbone*

Who were you, Frances,  
thresholding womanhood one distant fall?  
Keeper of secrets, essence of dusk,  
your lean and level gaze  
weighs me: weights in an abundant,  
leaden life. Unschooled seventh child,  
illusiveness looked into the dry plate  
All Hallows Day, your fourteenth year,  
with honesty and ineffable beauty  
mantling you plainly as the massed hair  
in fever tendrils, ribbon held.  
That brow (when brows were decent to expose)  
and bearing could have modeled caryatids.

Who, lovely Frances, arranged you so,  
 the pose forever classic — a doomed Cassandra?  
 Dear girl, they would have burned you once  
 for witch, or put you in a snake pit,  
 had you lived.

—Edna Meudt

† † †

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES. Editions Denoel of Paris have published a French edition of William Hope Hodgson's *Deep Waters*. . . . Writing under the byline of "Charles Dexter Ward", Prof. John A. Taylor of the English Department of Washington and Jefferson College considers H. P. Lovecraft in *A Twentieth Century Poe*, in the Spring 1967 issue of *The Washington and Jefferson Literary Journal*. He calls Lovecraft "the greatest American author of horror tales since Poe." . . . August Derleth's *The Adventure of the Red Leech* was one of 13 stories chosen by Anthony Boucher for inclusion in *Best Detective Stories of the Year*, published last Summer by E. P. Dutton & Company. In his prefatory paragraph Mr. Boucher describes August Derleth as "an earthbound castaway of some magnificent alien race far exceeding our own in the efficiency of its conversion of food into energy and its control of the time dimension to provide a minimum of 48 hours in each working day." . . . Readers who are in search of Arkham House bibliographic information and who cannot wait until publication of *Thirty Years of Arkham House* in 1969 can apply to the *Index to the Science-Fantasy Publishers*, a new, corrected and enlarged version of which was published this past autumn by Mirage Publications, 5111 Liberty Heights Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland 21207. . . . Arkham House patrons will please note that an increase in production costs has made it mandatory that the price of Nelson Bond's *Nightmares and Daydreams*, coming next May, be increased to \$5.00.



. . . Collectors of prints might like to know of two portfolios now available for purchase. One is *The Something Hunt*, a Sherlockian portfolio of ten prints by Roy Hunt, published by Luther Norris with an introduction by Nathan L. Bengis. There are portraits of Sherlock Holmes, various actors in the role of Holmes, studies from some of the tales. The portfolio has been limited to 221 copies at \$2.00 each. Order directly from Luther Norris, 3844 Watseka Avenue, Culver City, California. . . . The other is *Gothics*, a portfolio of sixteen prints, published by the New Albion Bookshop, Box 521, Fairfax, California, 94930, at \$5.00 the copy. The introduction is by August Derleth, who writes, "What such writers as J. Sheridan LeFanu and Montague Rhodes James were to the macabre story, Lee Brown Coye is to macabre art. He is in the same solid Gothic tradition." The edition is limited to 1,000 copies, offset lithographed on Springhill vellum. Order directly from New Albion Bookshop. . . . The non-profit Bokanalia Memorial Foundation now offers three portfolios of black and white prints by the late Hannes Bok. Folio No. 2 contains 15 prints and a *Remembrance of Hannes Bok*, by Ray Bradbury: \$3.50. Folio No. 3 contains 12 prints, five of which have never previously appeared: \$3.00. These are available from Bokanalia, Emil Petaja, Box 14126, San Francisco, California, 9114. . . . Robert A. W. Lowndes reports that *Magazine of Horror* has returned to bi-monthly publication, and will again accept subscriptions. Write to Health Knowledge, Inc., 119 Fifth Avenue, New York 10003.

† † †

HUGO GERNSBACK. The death of Hugo Gernsback last August takes from the scene one of the most interesting men in the domain of fantasy. He was certainly the father of modern science fiction, and a distinguished inventor in his own right, having registered no less than 80 patents. He was called by *Life Magazine* on one occasion "the Barnum of the space age" and was honored by the radio industry in

1953 for the "first 50 years of inspiring leadership in radio-electronic art." He was the author of a prophetic science fiction novel, *Ralph 124C41+* (One to foresee for more than one — for all), but his primary contribution to fantasy in this century was the early publication of stories of science fiction in such magazines as *The Electrical Experimenter*, *Science and Invention*, and, with its founding in 1927, *Amazing Stories*, which was devoted entirely to science fiction, reprint and new. Born in Luxembourg well before the turn of the century, Mr. Gernsback was 83.

† † †

DUNWICH PRODUCTIONS, INC. Arkham House patrons have recently inquired about a current record release titled simply *H. P. Lovecraft* and produced by Dunwich Productions, Inc. The album, numbered PHS (for Philips) 600-252 is rock and roll music (if we must generalize), *H. P. Lovecraft* is the name chosen by the group, and the selections in this album "were derived from the stories and poems of H. P. Lovecraft" — however loosely, though one of the selections is entitled *The White Ship*. There is a certain weirdness of melody and theme, and the songs (which in our view are well done, though we advise traditionalists among the collectors to pass this one up) have a generally haunting quality and are off-trail even for rock and roll music. "Dunwich Productions," writes Bill Traut, "was really started back in 1961 on the night that I met Eddie Higgins, the piano player and leader of the trio at the London House, Chicago. Within a very few minutes of our first meeting, we discovered that we were both avid fans of H. P. Lovecraft. . . . On the day in 1965 when we decided to start our own record production company, I had a copy of *The Dunwich Horror* paperback in my pocket. We took the name of the company from the cover of that book, as well as the name of our ASCAP music publishing company, Dunwich Music. While searching for a second name for our BMI music publishing company,

we thumbed through the same book looking at typical Lovecraft words until we came up with Yuggoth Music. . . . With the *H. P. Lovecraft* group, it is our intention to carry more vague references in the future to Lovecraft titles and words. From time to time, we want to use hints of his characters on album covers, etc. Lovecraft is certainly the inspiration behind some of the songs." Arkham collectors who are also interested in music might find the songs of the *H. P. Lovecraft* five rewarding.

† † †

### THE VISITANT

I walked one summer night with timid pace  
 Beyond the shack where men and angels fear,  
 Where moonbeams fall with cold malignant leer  
 In pools of sorrow and in whirls of lace.  
 I trembled, pausing; then I heard the race  
 Of footsteps, and a boy drew swiftly near,  
 And sobbed in terror: "Do not leave me here,  
 For I have seen the Thing without a face!"  
 He caught my hand and prayed me not to go,  
 While I recalled the fables I had heard  
 Of others who had ventured here beguiled;  
 Then in the shack a strange and lone voice purred,  
 And as the moonlight wavered to and fro,  
 The Thing without a face came out and smiled.  
 —Wade Wellman

† † †

### CONNAISSANCE FATALE

Where gnarled gnomes and haggard hags convene  
 In some huge sepulchre deep in the earth;  
 There, where the lovely lamia reigns as queen  
 Amid Walpurgis revelry and mirth;  
 There, where the basilisk gives loathsome birth  
 To monstrous brood; there, there I met my love,  
 That Atlantean solace for all dearth,



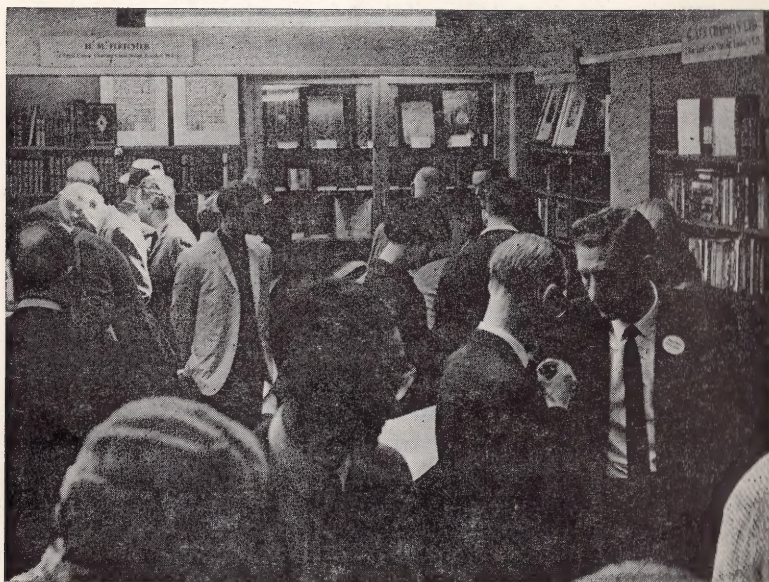
That primal goddess fallen from above —  
 Fair Lilith — she wherein unite the serpent  
 and the dove.

We kissed but once — but once! — eternity  
 of heaven and hell —  
 And then she vanished instantly: and now  
 what other love  
 Could give me her warm lips of mandragore  
 and asphodel?  
 For me, no place to rest, no time for love,  
 no end of pain,  
 Until sometime, somehow, somewhere, I claim  
 her lips again.

—Donald S. Fryer

† † †

SOUTHEY'S *COMMONPLACE BOOK*. (Entries dating from the years around 1800-1835 reveal the ranging interests of Coleridge's friend.) . . . Herrera tells a story of two of Columbus's companions, when they were in want of food at Isabella. Going through one of the streets, they saw a party of men whom they supposed to be newly come from Castile, with swords by their side, *y rebocados con tocas de camino*, muffled as was then the mode. Upon saluting and asking them whence they came, the strangers pulled off their hats, and their heads in them, and disappeared. . . . A knocking is heard in the sepulchre of S. Victorian in Aragon whenever the abbot or one of the monks is to die. . . . "Moss of a dead man's skull is oftener brought out of Ireland than found with us. Much used in the *unguentum sympatheticum*, or weapon-salve; but as Crollius hath it, it should be taken from the skulls of those which have perished by a violent death." — from *Macabres A Little Anthology*, edited by Malcolm Ferguson.



**ARKHAM HOUSE IN LONDON.** The British Book Collectors' Fair, 1967, took place in the stately National Book League building, off London's Piccadilly, from June 13 to 17, when more than 40 of Britain's most prominent booksellers put their rarest volumes on exhibition to the knowledgeable and enthusiastic viewers. Our British representatives, G. Ken Chapman, Ltd., of 2 Ross Road, London S. E. 25, were among the exhibitors, and a large selection of current and out of print Arkham House titles were on show on their stand. The television cameras visited the Book Fair on several occasions, and some of the European TV programs specially taped the stand with Arkham House books on it for viewers in their own countries. We are told by our British friends that they did a record business at the Fair this year, and that considerable interest was shown in Arkham House books.